New Things Not Found in Any Books

New Light on "COLDS," And How to AVOID THEM

Sudden Changes Give Cold Germs Their Foothold, and Coughs and Sneezes Spread Them

THIS is the way to prevent "catching cold," according to Professor Leonard Hill, Dr. Francis F. Muecke and other English scientists who have just reported a long series of investigations of this annoying and dangerous plague.

In the first place keep away from anyone who has a cold. Colds are infectious—one person catches cold from another, the same as any infectious disease is caught. A person with a cold has no more right to be in a public place than has a child with whooping cough or a grown-up person with diphtheria. The proof of this is the fact that a man alone in the wilderness may freeze to death or suffer in any degree from exposure, but he cannot catch cold.

Colds are communicated from victim to victim mainly by sneezing. The sneeze seems to have been an invention by the patron saint of the cold microbe. Sneezing sends a fine spray of the mucuous secretions from the nose containing the germs of cold into the surrounding air. Anyone within a few feet of a sneeze is certain to inhale a good liberal sample of whatever germs are in the sneezer's nose.

Coughing has much the same effect as sneezing, and distributes liberally the microbes of sore throat, quinsy, bronchitis, tuberculosis and others.

The man who coughs at the theatre not only proves himself ill-bred by disturbing the performance, but is a menace to the health of those round him.

The managements of several of the best New York theatres are considering placing signs on the curtain something to this effect:

"Three coughs and you are out."

If this sign is enforced by ushers it is expected to materially help the theatrical business next Fall, and incidentally reduce the number of cases of grippe next Winter.

Besides sneezing and coughing the pocket handkerchief is a very able transfer agent for infections of the nose and throat. The handkerchief, used decently, harms nobody. It is only when it is flourished that this little bit of cloth is dangerous. Many people have the habit of pulling their handkerchief out by a corner and giving it a sort of swing in the air to unfold it before using it. This unnecessary manoeuvre scatters broadcast the dried mucus and germs which it contains.

If you can't keep away from a man with a cold put a newspaper in front of your face when he coughs or sneezes, and place your own handkerchief in front of your nose and breathe through it for a moment if you see him flourish this.

The reason persons with colds are permitted in public at all is because part of the time, under certain circumstances, most people are immune to colds. This varying immunity gives the general impression that colds are a matter of accident, draughts, wet feet, etc. They are partly, but they are always a matter of infection. Get rid of the infection and all the other things can't bring you a cold.

The way a draught or wet feet bring on a cold is by upsetting the circulation and causing the insides of the nasal passages to be gorged with blood. If someone with a cold sneezes and thus transfers some of their germs to these inflamed surfaces the damage in done, the cold is caught, and the wet feet are given the entire blame.

Wet feet are remarkable in their ability to reduce the body's resistance to infection. This is true of all animals. The hen, for instance, is ordinarily immune to anthrax, a disease of sheep. Germs of this disease can be rubbed into their skins and nothing happens. Yet if a hen is compelled to stand in a couple of inches of cold water for an hour or two after the anthrax inoculation, it speedily dies of the disease.

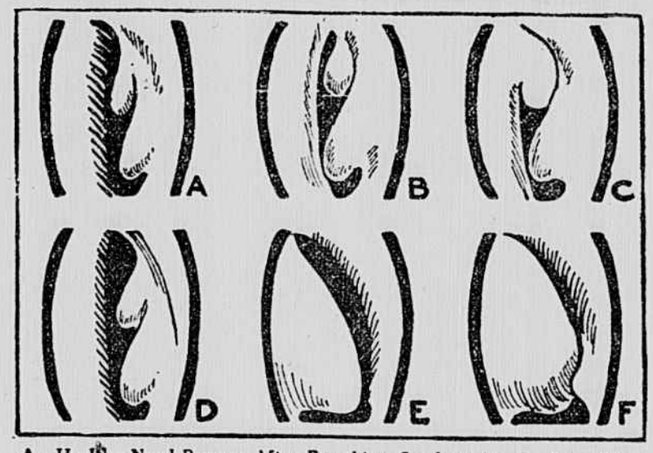
The condition of the air we breathe has a great effect on our noses and throats and their ability to throw off cold infections. Warm, moist air of 80 degrees F. causes the blood vessels in the passages of the nose to fill and swell with blood. This results first in partly closing the passages and irritating us, causing us to snuff and blow our noses, and also in a flow of mucus.

It seems this outpouring of mucus is an attempt to cool off the membranes just as the skin gives off sweat when it is too hot.

After passing frmo a warm, moist air to a cold one, the membranes become pale and rather bloodless. But they still remain covered with the secretions and swollen with a fluid called "tissue lymph." Any germs taken into the nose in the hot, moist air find in the mucous secretions an ideal breeding place. The retreat of the blood caused by the cold air leaves them free from attack and they multiply rapidly.

Warm, dry air flushes the membrane with blood, but does not cause over secretion of mucus nor swelling. An electric fan in a hot, moist room has a very favorable effect on the noses of those present.

A room heated by an open fire is much better for the entire breathing apparatus than one heated by a stove. Worst of all heats is steam, but furnace heat is a close second. Heat from a gas stove does not trouble the nasal passages, but the consumption of oxygen by the gas flame and the addition of carbonic acid gas throw extra labor upon the lungs.



A—Healthy Nasal Passage After Breathing Outdoor Air. B—Same Nose Swollen by Ten Minutes in moist, Warm Air. C—Same as B, Except That Electric Fan Is Stirring the Air. D—Same after Ten Minutes Outdoors. E—A Crooked Nasal Psasage. F—Same as E after Ten Minutes in Hot, Moist Air.

Reasons for Avoiding Hemlock

WHERE wood is desired for use where the elements will act upon the material, it is very unwise to use the wood known as hemlock, as it is the poorest material that can possibly be used where rain and wind can reach it.

It is an open grained wood, and the graining will open up more when wet and dry than any other sort of wood used as outside material, and it is almost impossible to paint it so the building will have protection of any value against the elements.

A hemlock board laid on the ground will draw dampness enough from the earth in a few minutes to make the upper surface wet.

Water poured on the upper surface of a hemlock board will pass through the board and wet the under side while the person is thinking about it and turning the board over.

A few years ago lumbermen made hemlock shingles, and they sold quite cheap compared to pine or cedar, and great quantities were used in roofing houses and barns, but they did not last long. Other material had to be used in a few months to replace the hemlock shingles.

Much hemlock is used as sheeting for roofs. Where tin or other material is used for roofing that is apt to sweat on the under side, this kind of wood makes sheeting that is apt to decay rapidly, and also cause the roofing material to rust or rot as the hemlock holds so much dampness that a continual moisture is kept on the lower side of the roofing material, causing it to decay or rust out.

The only place in a building that hemlock is all right is in the heavier framework, where no dampness can reach it. It does not warp readily as long as kept dry, but if wet and dry it will twist a great deal and cause an unsatisfactory job.

Why IT WILL PAY to PROTECT Our WILD ANIMALS

WHAT a tremendous national asset our fur-bearing animals are is strikingly pointed out by some figures recently prepared by Dr. Walter P. Taylor, of the University of California.

From such fur-bearing animals as the raccoon, skunk, badger, otter, sea otter, mink, marten, fisher, red fox and wolverine, no less than twenty million dollars' worth of furs are obtained in North America every year. This vast sum is equivalent to the interest at 4 per cent on $625,000,000. That, then, the writer concludes, is the approximate money value of all North American fur-bearing animals.

That this important national resource will eventually fail unless measures are taken to protect the animals in question is the earnest cry not only of naturalists but of economists, too.

No objection is made to the destruction of these animals for the purpose of obtaining their pelts. If that were the only destruction to which the fur-bearing species were subjected, nature might be relied upon to keep up the supply. It is the wanton destruction of these animals which threatens the extinction of the species, just as it has already been responsible for the elimination of other species.

"The need of conservation," declares Dr. Taylor, "is beginning to be keenly felt in California, where trappers in the Sacramento Valley recently testified that practically all fur-bearing species are rapidly decreasing.

"There is much wanton destruction of these animals during the Summer season when their fur is worthless. The grizzly bear, the noblest family of our California fauna, is now practically extinct. The sea otter, possessing the highest fur value of all our mammals, formerly existed in great numbers off the coast of western Amercia, and is also a vanishing species. The dismal story of dwindling numbers and final extinction seems to be about to be repeated in the cases of certain animals."

Unless the supply of fur-bearing animals is conserved, the species must inevitably become extinct. This will mean a great economic loss to the country.

If, however, steps are taken to protect these creatures from the hands of the pot-hunter, their economic value would either remain at about the figure at which it now stands, or would increase, and the fur-bearing mammals would be of permanent instead of transitory worth in dollars and cents.

"The intrinsic interest and the humanitarian arguments, as well as the economic one," Dr. Taylor concludes, "emphasize strongly the desirability for wise attention to this lesser problem of the fur-bearing mammals, none the less than to the careful conservation of all the rest of the wild life yet remaining at our disposal."

THE LOSS OF THE MORNING STAR

By OLE KOLSTRUP

"IT is murder, pure and simple, and nothing else, to tempt people with such a pile of money."

Old Olaf Hunsker banged the table with his fist so that the grog glasses danced.

His comrades agreed with him.

A little over three weeks ago the tramp steamer Morningstar, belonging to the General Navigation Company, had gone to the bottom in the middle of the bay some three or four kilometres from the shore.

People said that the company had taken this loss far too easily, though it was hardly to be surprised at, as this particular boat had always had bad luck and had cost its owners considerable money. For this reason other shipping companies did not criticize the General Navigation Company because it made no attempt to have the boat raised, though it was resting on sandy bottom in rather shallow water.

The Morningstar had been well insured, and the insurance company decided to send down a diver to examine the hull and try to find the reason why the boat had sunk. It was a job which any good diver would undertake without considering it much of a risk.

It caused a sensation when the first diver sent down was pulled up dead after three-quarters of an hour without having given the slightest signal of distress. Nobody could discover the cause of his death, for his helmet was found to be in perfect order and there were no signs of violence on his body. The strangest thing was that his face had worn an expression of supreme terror, as if he had seen something dreadful when he died. At last the death was put down as heart failure.

Other divers volunteered to go down, but the next man who tried—a strong, healthy young man—met with the same fate, and in his dead face was the same dreadful expression. Then everybody agreed that both men must have died from fright, but no one could imagine what had so completely paralyzed them with fear that they had not the strength to give the signal to be pulled up.

Now no diver came forward offering to ascertain why the Morningstar had gone to the bottom in calm weather so near the shore, but the insurance company, scenting fraud, refused to pay, and offered 2,000 kroner to any diver who would go down and get the information wanted.

It was this offer Olaf Hunsker, the diver, and his comrades were discussing over their glasses in Niels Krogstad's lodging house for seamen.

"I would not go down there for five thousand myself," Olaf added.

"But I am going to risk it for the reward they offer," said a young, broad-shouldered giant who had just come in. "I have just arranged with the insurance people to have a go at it to-morrow morning."

"Come and have a glass with us," said Olaf Hunsker.

"Not to-night, old boy; but to-morrow afternoon I am your man, and you will have one on me."

Then, turning to Aase, the pretty daughter of the proprietor, he said: "Can I get a room here for the night?"

She told him there was plenty of room and followed him upstairs to show him his room, as he declared he wanted to go to bed right away to be quite fresh in the morning.

"It is two kroner for the room," she said when she had opened the door, "and the money in advance."

"I will pay you to-morrow when I get my two thousand," he laughed, "but I'll pay you a little on account now." And before she knew it he had kissed her on the mouth.

It was the first time anyone had kissed her; but she did not get angry, only very confused, and ran downstairs.

She lay awake thinking of him all night, and when she saw him start for the pier in the morning her heart beat violently with fear for his safety.

The very same thing happened to him as to the first two divers. He was pulled up dead, his face convulsed with terror.

Aase locked herself up in the room where he had spent the night and burst out crying, but after a while she calmed down. He had stolen her heart when he stole the kiss, but she felt that she was destined to avenge his death. When she came downstairs again her face looked hard, almost stony.

* * * *

The president of the General Navigation Company was at dinner when the butler announced a young woman who said she must see him right away.

"Tell her I cannot see her now," he replied.

"Oh, yes, you can," said Aase, who had entered the room behind the butler. "I would prefer to talk to you alone, but if you refuse I will speak right here," she added, in a voice which made him turn pale.

"Come into the library," he said, as he stood up.

As soon as he had closed the door she stood in front of him like a statue of an avenging angel.

"You are a murderer!" she cried. "You have murdered three men in cold blood because you wanted to prevent them from telling the world that you scuttled the Morningstar in order to get the insurance money. Deny it if you dare!"

At her first words he had dropped into a chair, ghastly pale, and when she shook her clenched fist in front of his face he said:

"I do not deny it. It is quite true. I put a glass tube with poisonous gas into the air pump every time a man went down. The pump broke the tube and the gas killed the diver."

Before she could stop him he had taken a revolver from a drawer in his desk.

"For God's sake don't do it!" she cried; but at the same moment a bullet went crashing through his brain.

Dubious Dances

By the "Gentlewoman."

THE now famous protest of "A Peeress," which was printed the other day in the Times, has attracted an amount of attention which it would have received, perhaps, at no other period of the year. The season is just getting into full swing and dancing is more the rage just at present than it has been for many a long day, so that the subject is one which is actively exercising people's minds at this particular moment. While sympathizing heartily with "A Peeress" in all the principal points which she makes in her letter, I cannot help thinking that to link up the turkey trot and the tango with such a staid and stately variation of the waltz as the Boston is to present altogether too uncompromising a front to the march of (so-called) progress. The Boston, when properly danced, is far more "harmless" than the waltz ever was (incidentally, it is far more difficult). It is a dance which, when properly done, is very delightful to watch, and is, in my opinion, in quite a different category from horrors like the "tango" and the "turkey trot," which nearly all of us agree in deploring. The "Boston" is a genuine example of a new dance which has overcome the opposition of those too lazy to learn it.

Fashions in dancing must inevitably change, and dancing, like Punch, never seems quite "what it was." It is natural that one generation should eye with disfavor the things which delight its successor. And certainly for fully four centuries there have been outcries against indecent new dances. I have read in a diary written by an English gentlewoman in the early nineteenth century the remarks of a girl on first seeing the waltz danced in Italy. They far exceed in the strength of their disapproval the comments of "A Peeress." The polka also, when introduced to London about 1844, was greeted with abuse precisely similar to that with which the tango has lately been hailed.

I mention these facts not in defence of the tango and turkey trot, which personally I consider detestable, but rather as a warning against a too intemperate abuse of new dances merely because they are new. There are bound to be new dances and they are bound to be disliked by a certain section of people, but not by any means all of them are honestly so very objectionable.

In the best houses, as opposed to the smartest, I do not believe indecent dancing has ever been tolerated or ever will be, and a safe way for mothers to safeguard their children seems to me to be careful how they take them to the large and costly entertainments of social-strugglers and nouveaux-riches, whose aim it is to be "smart." My own experience has always been that in nice houses the dancing can always be trusted to be decent and inoffensive, irrespective of whether the variations indulged in are new or old.

THE HONEYMOONER--*By A. R. Tist*

MR. MILES ROSEDALE—he had been born Moses Rosenthal—had acquired the habit of marking his financial and social progress by the erection of enduring monuments. Thus the palatial pile of offices in the city marked the successful manipulation of the Kaffir market, which had first brought him into prominence.

Before that, his move from Tooting to Kensington had marked his first step up the rungs of the social ladder, just as subsequently the purchase of the palace in Park Lane marked a much later one.

Then, too, at various stages of his career Mr. Rosedale had bought a week-end cottage, at which he could put up forty guests and garage ten cars; an estate in Sussex, which gave him a duke for a neighbor, and a moor in Scotland, of which another duke had been the owner.

With the purchase of the moor Mr. Rosedale had thought he had finished his life work, but on reflection he added a racing yacht to his possessions, which necessitated the purchase of a steam yacht, from the deck of which Mr. Rosedale's guests could follow the races.

Having used the steam yacht for the first time at Cowes, spent several thousand pounds and won a silver cup worth fifty, Mr. Rosedale retired to his place in Sussex for a quiet period of thought.

The net result of Mr. Rosedale's cogitations was his decision to acquire a wife. For, he argued, what was the use of his great possessions if he had no one to whom to leave them when his time came to journey to the bosom of Abraham?

So Mr. Rosedale decided to found a family, and he set about the business with that characteristic promptitude which had been his greatest asset. He made instant choice of the lady who was to be elevated to the high honor of sharing the bed and board, to say nothing of the other belongings, of Miles Rosedale, Esquire.

She was eighteen, and the daughter of an impecunious Marquis, whose name figured prominently upon the prospectuses of the various companies to which Miles Rosedale had stood godfather.

Mr. Rosedale approached the Marquis with a firm offer. The Marquis was no judge of market values; Mr. Rosedale was. And he impressed this fact strongly upon the seller. In the result Mr. Rosedale bought at his own price, or very near it, as was his happy custom. Of course, such matters as market values were never mentioned between high contracting parties, but set down in plain, uncompromising English they were the subject matter of the conversations.

The Marquis informed the Lady Sybil of his decision as to the future, and of the high honor that had been done her by the King of the Markets, the prince of good fellows, his dear friend, Miles Rosedale.

Lady Sybil was defiant for a fortnight; sulky for a week; and compliant before a full month had run its course. The same day that she had an agonizing farewell with a poverty-stricken young guardsman Mr. Rosedale placed a ring upon the third finger of her left hand, in which was set a diamond which he told her a queen had tried to purchase in vain. Lady Sybil shuddered, and murmured something which Mr. Rosedale understood to be broken thanks. He was not surprised that Lady Sybil could not suitably express her gratitude. He was too well informed of the state of the paternal bank balance not to know that Lady Sybil must be dazzled with such a gift.

Throughout his brief courtship Miles Rosedale quietly appraised his choice of a wife. He dwelt upon the suppleness of her figure, the gentle swelling of her bosom, the rounded contour of her hips. He did not know that while he thus weighed up Lady Sybil's charms she was considering his. He did not know that she saw in him a little fat, greasy man, with twinkling eyes like those of the forbidden animal—though Mr. Rosedale would eat roast pork without a twinge of conscience. He did not know that Lady Sybil loathed the touch of his ringed fingers; that his nose was an eyesore to her; that the distension of his waistband filled her with repulsion; that altogether he was hateful to her, as any noisesome creature is hateful to a delicately bred woman.

Mr. Rosedale knew none of these things, and he drove off to Hanover Square one afternoon light-heartedly, as became the bridegroom of an aristocratic beauty.

The arrangements were perfect. Mr. Rosedale had seen to that. As a commercial man he was not blind to the value of judicious advertisement. The bride was pale, which was very proper; her responses could hardly be heard, which was as it should be. Mr. Rosedale's "I will!" rang through the church in manner quite correct.

The reception held by the Marchioness Mr. Rosedale took great delight in. It was perfectly done, and was attended by many of the great ones of earth, who graciously permitted Mr. Rosedale to touch the tips of their fingers.

At 4 o'clock Mr. Rosedale and Lady Sybil Rosedale left for the Continent. Their departure was accompanied by a shower of rice and old boots. Mr. Rosedale leaned back in the car and oozed contentment and pride. Lady Sybil sat beside him like a frozen statue.

That evening in the home of a noble relation of the Marquis, a few miles from Newhaven, the newly wedded pair sat together in the big drawing room. There was but little conversation between them. Mr. Rosedale was too busy with his thoughts to talk much. He was very conscious that his wife wore silk stockings and that through the fine mesh that pink flesh gleamed warm and tempting. He caught glimpses, too, through the clustering laces at her breast of velvet soft skin, and the sight rejoiced him. For it was his; he had bought it and paid for it. The feast was spread before him; it remained only for him to enjoy it. And Miles Rosedale had a keen appetite for the delicate things he had purchased.

The clock struck half-past ten with silver tongue.

"It is getting late, Thybil, my dear!" said Mr. Rosedale.

Lady Sybil did not reply, save by an inclination of her head. Then she rose and went softly away.

Mr. Rosedale watched the clock feverishly. He could give her half an hour—no more. At 11 o'clock precisely he intended to enter into full possession of his new property.

At five minutes to eleven Mr. Rosedale drank a Benedictine. The liqueur warmed him pleasantly and gave him a better heart. For the first time in life Mr. Rosedale felt a little nervous. There had been a something about Sybil all day that had kept him at a distance. That chasm had to be bridged now. And he had to build the bridge.

He walked boldly up the great staircase, paused for a moment outside the door of the room, rattled the handle warningly, then opened the door and walked in.

And what he saw Miles Rosedale never forgot.

Lady Sybil lay upon the bed, fully dressed as she had left him. But upon her finger was no wedding ring. He saw that at once. He saw, too, that her eyes were wide open, fixed, and staring at the ceiling; that her mouth was slightly open, and that the light gleamed on the whiteness of her teeth.

"Thybil! Thybil!" he cried, sharply, with something almost of a scream in his voice.

But the girl never stirred. Then Mr. Rosedale knew, and fear gripped his heart. He ran round to the bed to where stood a small table, upon which was a wineglass, empty. He picked up the glass and held it to his nose. A faint odor as of bitter almonds assailed his nostrils. He put down the glass violently. By the glass he noticed the wedding ring he had placed on his wife's finger that morning. He picked it up and restored it to its proper place.

That done he rang the bell violently.

For his honeymoon was over.